

Family Miscellany.

ADDRESS TO LORD BYRON,
ON THE PUBLICATION OF CHILDE HAROLD.

BY GRANVILLE PENN.

Cold is the breast, extint the vital spark;
That kindles not to flame at Harold's muse;
The mental vision, too, how surely dark,
Which, as the anxious wanderer it pursues,
Sees not a noble heart, that fain would choose
The course to heaven, could that course be found;
And, since on earth it nothing fears to have,
Would joy to press that blest's ethereal ground,
Where peace, and truth, and life, and friends, and love
abide.

1st v. "Harold's breast a breast of steel,"
Steel is the heart that could the thought receive,
But warm, affectionate, and quick to feel,
Eager in joy, yet not unswear to grieve;
And surely do I view his vessel leave—
Like ering bark, of card and chart bereft—
The shore to which his soul was loath to cleave;
Would, Harold, I could make thee know full oft,
That bearing the helm, the land thou seek'st is left.

Harold "satiate with worldly joys?"
Leaves he his home, his land, without a sigh?"
"Tis the way to heaven;—oh! then employ
That blessed freedom of thy soul, to fly
To him, who, even gracious, ever nigh,
Demands the heart that breaks the world's hard chain;
If early freed, though by safety,
Vast is the privilege that man may gain;—
Who early fol's the foil, may well the prize obtain.

Thou lovest Nature with a filial zeal;
Caust thy barking to brood with her apart;
Unutterably sure, that inward feel,
When swells the soul, and heaves the laboring heart

With yearning throes, which nothing can impat
But kindred rapture; I have borne my part;
The Pyrenean mountains lovel'd to view,
And from the crest of Alpe pierce the mighty plain.

"Tis easy to be bold, and to be bold,"
To show thyself a man, and to be a man;
What things that over not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild rocks that never need a fold;
Alone it sleeps and foams fails to lean;—
This is not solitude! "tis but to hold

Couvere with Nature's Goliad see his stores unroll'd."

Forget we not the Artist in the art,
Nor overlook the Giver in the grace;
Say, what is Nature, but that little part
Which a perfect vision can embrace,
Of the stupendous whole, which fills all space;
The work of Him by whom all space is bound;
Shall Raphael's hand his secret efface?

Shall Handel's self be lost in Handel's sound?
Or shall not Nature's God in Nature's works be found?

Say, can the sculptured marble, once defaced,
Restore its lineament, never its form?

That can the sculptor's hand alone perform?

Else man's art's mad and isolated stone

For ever his imperfet and deform;

So man may sin and wail, but not atone;

That restorative power belongs to God alone.

And can this helpless thing, pollute, debased,
Its own disgraced nature e'er reform?

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Yet is a stonement made.—Creation's Lord
Desires not the work his skill devised;
Man, not his creation only, but his ward,
To be the master of the world.

Tian thus to be abandoned and despised.

Abusement is the Almighty's richest dole,

And over in the mystic plan comprised,

To mend the foul defacements of the soul,

Restore God's likeness lost, and make the image whole.

Oh! if, as helst men dream'd, there be

A land of souls beyond death's sable shore,

How quickly hearted Harold turns to see

The much lov'd objects of his life once more,

And Nature's new sublimities explore

In better worlds!—Ah! Harold I conjure,

Speak not in its—to him whom God hath taught,

If aught on earth, this blessed truth is sure,

All gracious God, to quiet human thought,

Has placed his warden and dominion wrought.

Did Babylon, in truth, Cyrus fall?

Is't that Persia stained the Grecian land?

Did Phillip's or the Persian host enthrall?

Or Caesar's legions press the British strand?

Did Palestine by Titus' sword and brand?—

Can Harold to such facts his faith int'ren?

Then let him harken, and understand:—

Then Christ is risen from the dead!—the first

Pearl drop of mortal frames yet mounding the dust.

But Harold "will not look beyond the tomb,"

And traits like these may hope for rest before?

Harold, for me, the life of thy dream,

The nature of thy soul thou canst not more;

Nor know'st thou thy fond, which loves to soar;

Glowing spirit, and thy thoughts sublime,

Are foreign to this flat and naked shore,

And languish for their own celestial clime,

Fair in the bounds of space, beyond the bounds of time.

There must thou surely live—and of that life

Age on ages shall no part exhaust;

But with none'll existence ever rise,

No more in dark uncertainty be to'd,

When once the towering barrier is cross'd;

(The birth of mortal, to immortal day)—

O, let not then that precious hour be lost,

But harken to him who points the way

To ever-during youth, from infinite decay!

Such, such, the prospect—such the glorious boon,

The last great end in Heaven's supreme design;

Desm not thy cloud continuous, for soon

Must truth break in upon a soul like thine,

Yearning, unconscious, for the light divine;

O! hear the gracious word to these address'd

By Him, thy Lord, almighty and benign—

"Come unto me, all ye that are oppressed;

Come to my arms, and I will give you rest!"

Would that dear loved through Judah's courts to stray,

Would Zion's Hill Parnassus love might share?

What joy to hear the muse's potent lay

The soft, the sweet, the music of the lute,

And all that holy song, whose care;

What poor haply e'er Homer's shell was strong,

Where heavenly wisdom pour'd her treasures rare,

Long, long, ere Athens woke to Solon's song,

And tru'd the pebbled seas of after ages sing!

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The last great end in Heaven's supreme design;

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BY W. B.

"A yung colored woman was arrested to-day, for the murder of her child. She confessed the crime."

I killed my child!

Do I hear you say that a mother's heart

In such a deed could never take part?

Not love my child? When first I pressed

My baby-girl to my joyous breast,

No white-browed, no思想的 thanksgiving shrine

Was filled with offering more richly than mine.

But when I saw how fair she grew,

With softest eyes of softest hue,

I loved her with a love so deep

That I closed those lustrous eyes to sleep,

And bade the heart which had known no stain,

Rise to its starlit home again.

Ye call it madness. Could ye know

The crushing burden of pain and woe?

That a mother's tears, when no prayer of hers

Can save her child from slavery's curse,

The curse of slavery, which she must bear,

And who thus sought bliss for her darling child.

If this be sin, God cannot forgive,

I will lose my soul, that she may live.

SONNY COTTAGE.

—Friend of Virtue.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past. Its latest ray

Is vanished with the closing day;

And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,

Its now departed hour to clasp,

As to recall the moment bright

When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past. If it has brought

Some beams of sweet and soothing ray,

If it has left some memory dear

Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain;
Although it ne'er return again.

THE VILLAGE DRESS-MAKER.
1—first person—speaking—No. 4.

"Axioms are self evident truths—and of course above demonstration; no explanation can render them more clear." Society has its axioms, not printed, and stitched, and bound into a volume, to be sure, but nevertheless clearly defined in the hearts of men, as the orthodoxy creed, on the pages of church history. The following are among the most prominent:

—That ministers ought not to read their titles exactly, to like passions with other men; that lawyers are professional knaves—parlor boarders in the Temple of Baal; that doctors are in some way criminally responsible for graveyards, and should be forced to carve all the devices for tomb stones, gratis; that widowers bury their wits in the same graves with their wives; that Mrs. Green the second, cherishes a very commendable degree of hatred toward the memory and the dust of Mrs. Green the first, and turns her portrait "back side to," in the garret; and that a village dressmaker is the mill privilege which keeps the black eyes of jealousy, another with the gray eyes of doubt, a third with the passionate black eyes of determination, a fourth with the blue eyes of dreamy imagination. The jealous man reports the fact with a fling or two, the doubting man is generous with his confidences, and sprinkles his story plentifully with ifs and buts; which makes the narrative pass for more than it is worth; the imaginative man touches the "back ground" here and there with brilliant colors from the brush of his exuberant fancy, and forgets, after gazing awhile, that the finishing up of the picture is his own, and is ready to swear, falsely, that it is an original Vandyke!

It is with this last axiom, that I have particularly to do, for I belong, professionally, to this class of slander-venders, and have been taking account of my wares lately, to see whether it is best to increase or diminish my stock in trade.

I was a poor girl, consequently gained all my financial knowledge among three cents, and feel sure that even the Rothschilds cannot begin to figure so fine, upon a sixpence, or draw even a dime to such an "infinity series" of cents, as your humble servant. Ratio, with me, was only the relation of a very small sum of money to the very large piles of things which I wanted to buy—"Fractions" only "drove me mad," when the cent was retained in making change, and interest, neither simple or compound, was ever known to have any practical bearing upon my financial affairs. The prayer of Agur—"give me neither poverty nor riches," always struck me as being an unutterably stupid question, asking neither the spiritual blessings of the one, nor the temporal conveniences of the other—neither to be a Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, nor a Dives seated at an abundant table. I think my supplications upon this subject have never lacked "point," but have been clearly defined upon one side, with a result as yet not sufficiently marked to indicate any *wonderful* prevailing power in the petition.

Charley was the musician, and his mamma, who sat sewing at her chamber window, wondered when his fat little arms would grow tired of beating the base out of his drum; for he had drummed ever since dinner, and now it was three o'clock, and a very warm afternoon. Two or three times she was on the point of calling him; but they were so happy at their play that she concluded not to hear the noise, rather than interrupt them. And so they marched up and down, up and down, the dancing and Jollying of Harold's little soldiers, and Charley's little girls, who had been playing with her dolls in the summer-house, came out with a big rag baby in her arms, and her brother followed them.

"Girls don't enlist!" said Charley, stopping short and flourishing his drumsticks. "We shall have you in our company, Katie."

"No," said Johnny, who ever heard of girls going to war with rag babies? You must run away, Katie!"

"I shant," said Katie, very decidedly. "I'm going to march, and so is my Polly!"

Presently Mrs. Clare called Johnny and Katie. "There is a letter for you," she said, smiling, and showing them a white envelope, with a colored picture in the corner.

"It is directed to 'Papa's little soldiers,' Charley and Katie, and Katie?"

"There Charley!" cried Katie, triumphantly. "I am a little soldier; paper wrote it so, and he knows."

"Let us see what he says about it," said mamma, taking the little girl in her lap.

It was such a pleasant letter that I will copy it for other little boys and girls to read.

Some persons may be inclined to interrupt me here, by saying that if I would